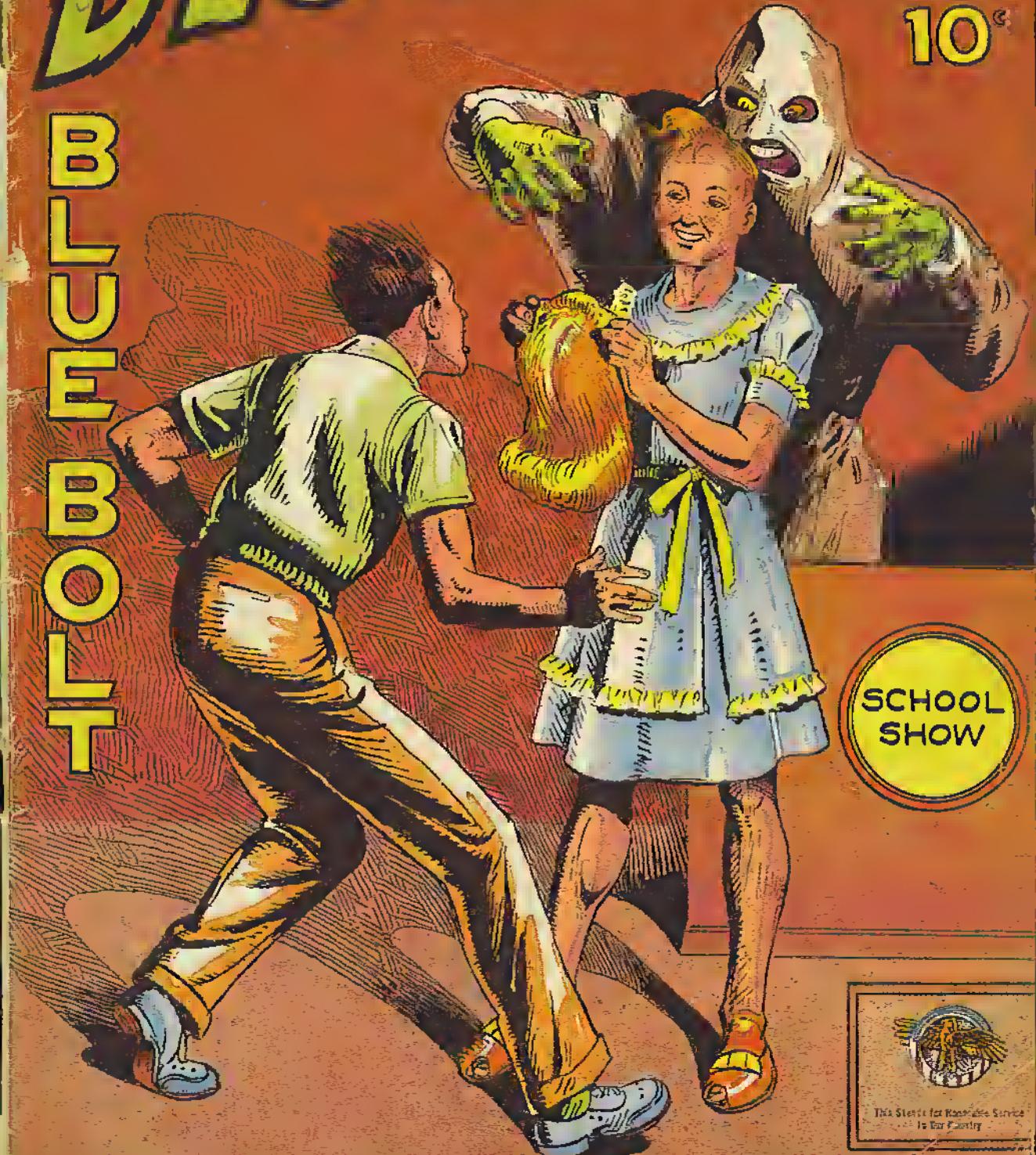


DECEMBER - JANUARY

# BLUE BOLT

10¢

BLUE BOLT



SCHOOL  
SHOW



VOL. 6 NO. 6

# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# BLUE BOLT FLASHES

## The Editors Write:

Hi, Gang!!

Guess you've noticed the emblem on our cover. It's a mighty important one and you should know it by heart. It stands for honorable service to our country and over 13,000,000 men and women will be wearing it. Remember, they have served America well, and have helped protect the things you love . . . your home, your family, and your freedom. Join in saying to them: "Well done, and welcome home!" They're going to be mighty relieved to climb out of their uniforms but it may be an uneasy job to get accustomed to civilian life. We at home must do our best to ease the strain and get them in the groove. Don't let them for a moment be disappointed in the home front they fought so very hard to preserve. Accept them for what they are—Americans who have come home.

Happy days, boys and gals!

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS

\* \* \*

## Special Letter From Dick Cole

Dear Readers:

My cousin, Young King Cole, is quite a boy. He was graduated from State College after completing the four year course in two and a half years. Now he is with his father's detective agency. You can read about his adventures in the new comic magazine called **Young King Cole** if you are lucky enough to find the copy on your news stand.

Cordially yours,

DICK COLE

P.S. I managed to get my face into a few scenes of the **Young King Cole** story in the Fall issue. Did you see it?

## The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I like your magazine very much. My favorites are Dick Cole and Sergeant Spook. I like the way you take criticisms. I think you should have some stories about girls IF they are good looking; otherwise I think your magazine is pretty good.

A faithful reader,

Dick Onnen  
Des Moines 13, Iowa

*We hope you'll think this issue of BLUE BOLT is even better than "pretty good", Dick. How about it?*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

Out of all the books on the newsstand today, there is not one that even compares to BLUE BOLT. It's so down-to-earth and the stories can just as well take place in my own neighborhood. My favorites are hard to choose, because they're all so good, but I place Dick Cole, Edison Bell, Krisko & Jasper and Fearless Fellers on top. I do wish you'd put in a little more of Blue Bolts and Nuts—they're really swell. Just one other thing—please continue those questions and answers. They're very helpful, and I enjoy learning facts in that way. It's really fun. I'm for BLUE BOLT through and through, as is my mother and sister.

Sincerely,

George Krassner  
Long Island City, N. Y.

*Our Q's and A's are in to stay, George. Our readers like them enormously.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I just read your latest issue of BLUE BOLT and I think it is wonderful! I enjoy Dick Cole and Edison Bell mostly. The Q's and A's feature is interesting, too.

I think there should be more Blue Bolts and Nuts, though.

A faithful reader,  
Jerry Ellis  
Jacksonville 6, Fla.

*There will be more and more Bluebolts and Nuts, Jerry. Hope you like them.*

\* \* \*

## BUY BONDS

Dear Editors:

I have been a regular reader of BLUE BOLT since the first issue came out back in 1940. I liked it from the very first, and have continued to enjoy it with each succeeding issue.

I am an amateur cartoonist myself, so I guess that accounts for the fact that I appreciate a magazine containing good art work. And believe me, yours has some of the best. Your artists are really good. Take for instance Jim Wilcox, who draws Dick Cole. His covers are the most realistic I have ever seen on any comic magazine. Tum Gill, who draws Blue Bolt, is a favorite of mine also. While I am on the subject of your artists I might add that I am glad Jack A. Warren has started drawing Krisko and Jasper again. They just weren't the same after he stopped drawing their adventures. You really have a fine staff of artists, and I think the readers should become better acquainted with them, so why don't you run another series of thumb-nail sketches on your artists and writers as you did a few years back? I am sure all the readers would enjoy it.

I am sixteen years of age, and my ambition is to be a professional cartoonist. Who knows, I might some day be drawing for BLUE BOLT! I can dream, can't I?

Yours most sincerely,  
Carl May, Jr.  
Elkton, Kentucky

*Thank you for your excellent letter, Carl. We wish you success in your career as a professional cartoonist.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I read BLUE BOLT every month and I think it is one of the best comic magazines. My favorite is Dick Cole and then comes Blue Bolt. Edison Bell is pretty good, but why does a rich boy always try to take the girls away? I think he could do better without girls. I also think that you should have more Bluebolts and Nuts.

Yours truly,  
Jackie Breibart  
Charleston 13, S. C.

*Don't you think Edison Bell would be less interesting if Pat and Babs weren't around? I'm sure Eddie and Jerry think so, Jackie.*

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.  
\$1.00 in War Stamps will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

# DUCK GOLF



JIM WILCOX

A STRONG FEELING AGAINST FARR MILITARY ACADEMY CADETS HAS DEVELOPED IN THE VILLAGE OF FOUR CORNERS.

SITUATED ON THE PIKE, SOME FIFTEEN MILES FROM THE ACADEMY. THIS FEELING HAS BEEN SECRETLY PROMOTED BY ONE AL EVANS, HEAD OF THE YOUNG SPORTS' ATHLETIC CLUB OF FOUR CORNERS.

IT IS SATURDAY, AND A HALF HOLIDAY AT FARR M.A. WE FIND A GROUP OF FARR CADETS IN FOUR CORNERS, DISCUSSING THE MOVIE BILLS OFFERED.

LET'S SEE "BRONK BAILEY OF RED GULLEY" AT THE CRITERION.

NAW--THOSE WESTERNS ARE OLD STUFF, NATE.

OH, YEAH? WELL I LIKE WESTERNS, TOO.

THE AJAX HAS A DANDY SHOW, "BOMBERS AWAY."

MEL'S GOT IT! ME FOR THE AJAX!

LOOK, TIME'S TODDLIN'. OTTO AND I'LL GO TO THE CRITERION--YOU DRUG STORE FLYERS GO TO THE AJAX.

YOU'RE ON. LET'S GO.

OKAY. WE'LL MEET AT PETE'S EATS, AFTER THE SHOW. FOR A SODA, THEN CATCH THE FIVE O'CLOCK BUS BACK TO ST. LO.



Editor and General Manager ROBERT D. WHEELER

Art Director—NELL CUMMIN

Associate Editor—PEGGY ANN CROWLEY

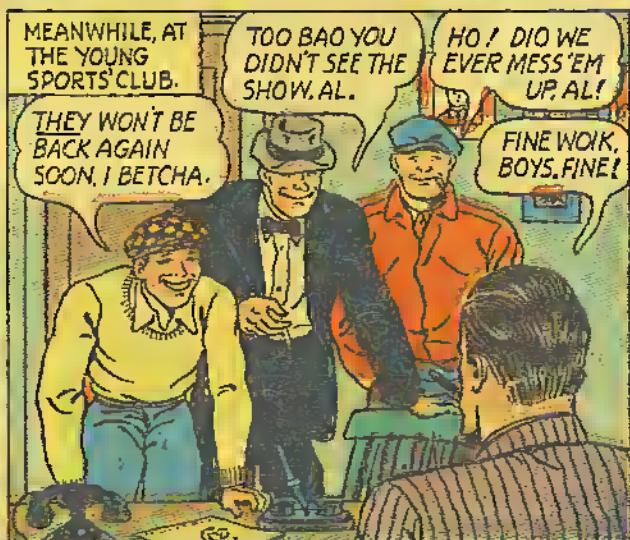
Managing Editor—JANE SPARLING NY

Editorial Assistant—HELEN DOIG SCHMID

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QUESTION #1 If your friend says to-mah-to and you say to-may-to, who is right?



AND BACK AT FARR M.A.  
DICK COLE STARTS FOR  
FARR JUNCTION.

GUESS I'LL GO CROSS COUNTRY...  
JUST TIME TO WALK THERE AND  
BACK BY MESS. HEY! WHO'S THAT?

WELL! WHAT HAPPENED  
TO YOU BEDRAGGLED  
GENERALS! WHY THE  
SNEAK-IN ACT?

HEY, IT'S  
DICK COLE!  
MAY WE SEE YOU  
FOR A FEW MINUTES?

WAIT'LL YOU HEAR  
WHAT HAPPENED, SIR!

...AND THAT'S  
THE STORY, SIR.  
NOW, WHAT DO  
YOU ADVISE?

KIND OF GRIM GOING, I'D  
SAY. YOU CAN COUNT ON ME TO  
EVEN THE SCORE. MEANWHILE  
GET TO YOUR ROOMS AND CHANGE.

THIS ROUGH  
STUFF WITH FARR CADETS BURNS  
ME UP! IT'S GOT TO STOP!.....  
HM-M-M...AH! I THINK I'VE A  
GOOD PLAN. I'LL SEE SIMBA, NOW.

YES, DICK, I AGREE. I'M SURE  
AL EVANS AND HIS YOUNG  
SPORTS' ATHLETIC CLUB  
ARE RESPONSIBLE. UNTIL  
THAT CLUB WAS FORMED  
A YEAR AGO, ALL WAS  
JAKE IN FOUR CORNERS,

WELL, SIMBA,  
YOU AND I...  
ARE GOING TO  
DO SOMETHING  
ABOUT IT....AH,  
MESS CALL. CONTINUED LATER!

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, THE OFFICE OF THE Y.S.A.C.

SAY, AL, I HEAR YOUR BOYS DID A  
JOB ON SOME FARR CADETS  
YESTERDAY. UH, WHY ARE YOU  
SO DOWN ON 'EM, AL? THEY'RE  
HARMLESS, AND THEY SPEND  
DOUGH IN THIS TOWN.

WHY?....  
WELL, I'LL  
TELL YOU  
WHY!

LUKE, I HATE ALL CAOETS AND ALL MILITARY SCHOOLS! MY SON WAS KICKED OUT OF HILTON M.A. AND THEN OUT OF WILSON M.A. FOR WHY? 'CAUSE I AINT NO BLUE BLOOD WITH A MILLION BUCKS! MY BOY AINT GOOD ENOUGH FOR THEM MILITARY SNOBS... SEE ??

BUT, AINT YOUR BOY AT THE REFORM FARM RIGHT NOW? MAYBE THE MILITARY SCHOOLS AINT ENTIRELY TO BLAME. HEY! GO EASY!

SAY THAT AGAIN AND ILL KNOCK YOU COLD! THEM SCHOOLS TRIED TO... TO BREAK HIS SPIRUT, THEY DID! THAT'S WHY HE'S IN TH--- COME IN!!



MR. EVANS? THIS IS SIMBA KARNO. I AM DICK COLE... FARR MILITARY ACADEMY. MAY WE SEE YOU FOR A MOMENT?

WELL I'LL BE ~~EX~~!!  
SHUT THE DOOR.....  
WHAT'S EATIN'  
YOU TWO?

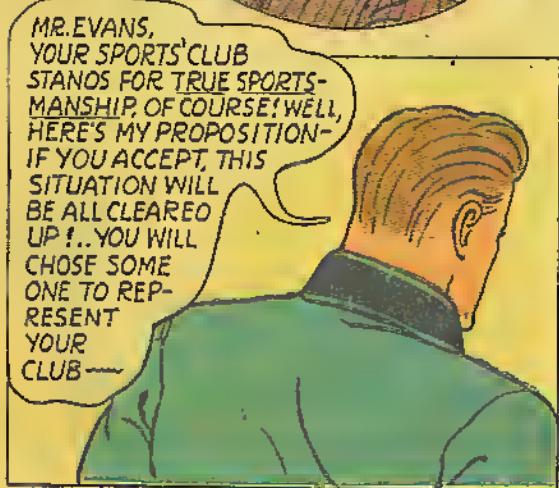
MR. EVANS, THIS TROUBLE BETWEEN YOUR CLUB AND FARR CAOETS IS NOT GOOD, AND IS GETTING WORSE. FARR CAOETS HAVE A RIGHT TO COME TO FOUR CORNERS! THEY BEHAVE THEMSELVES, SIR!

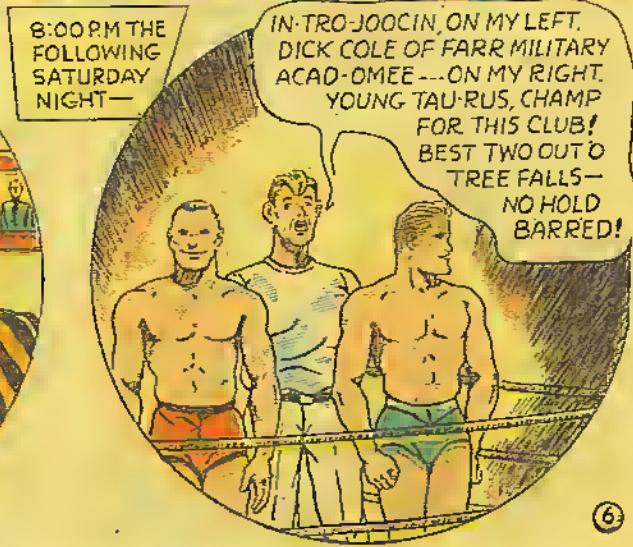
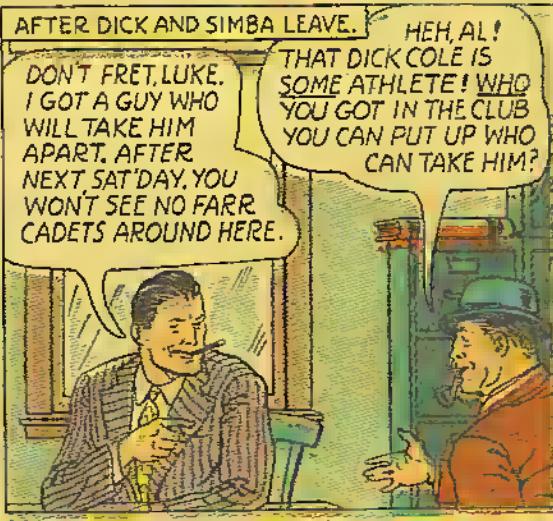
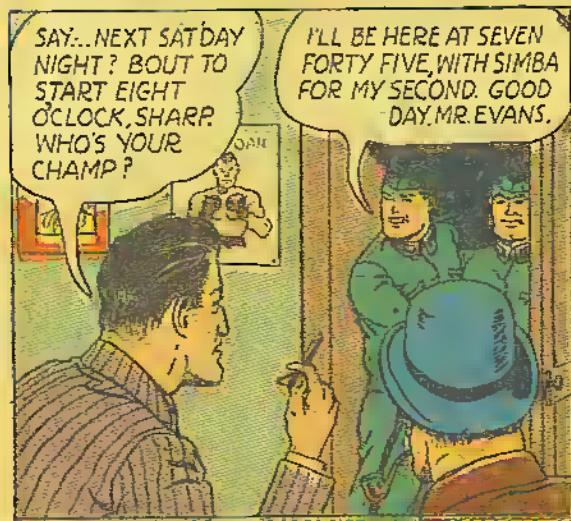
YEAH?  
COME  
TO THE  
POINT!

FARR WILL SEND A MAN TO MEET HIM IN ANY SPORT YOU NAME. IF FARR WINS, FARR CAOETS CAN COME TO FOUR CORNERS, UNMOLESTED. IF WE LOSE, WE STAY OUT OF YOUR TOWN.

MR. EVANS,  
YOUR SPORTS CLUB  
STANDS FOR TRUE SPORTS-  
MANSHIP, OF COURSE! WELL,  
HERE'S MY PROPOSITION-  
IF YOU ACCEPT, THIS  
SITUATION WILL  
BE ALL CLEARED  
UP!.. YOU WILL  
CHOOSE SOME  
ONE TO RE-  
PRESENT  
YOUR  
CLUB--

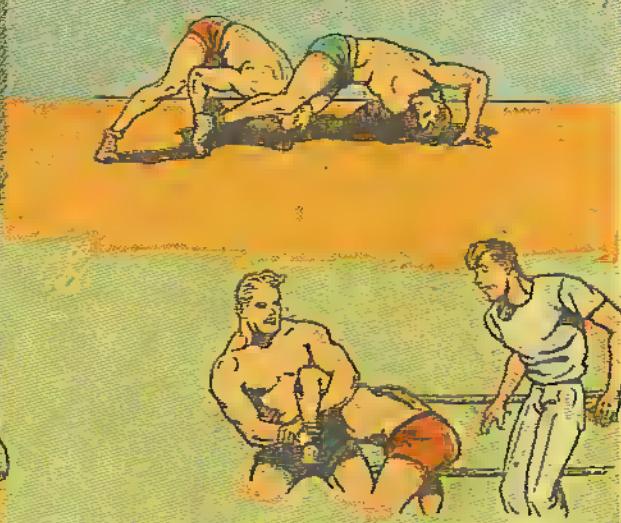
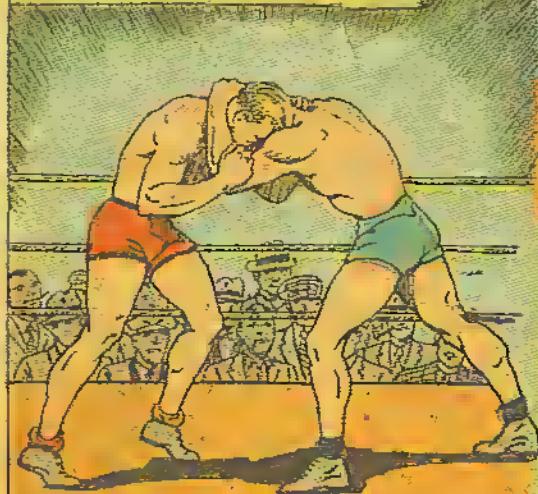
FOLKS,  
IF I  
KNOW  
AL, THAT  
KID'S LETTIN'  
HIMSELF IN  
FOR SOMETHIN'!



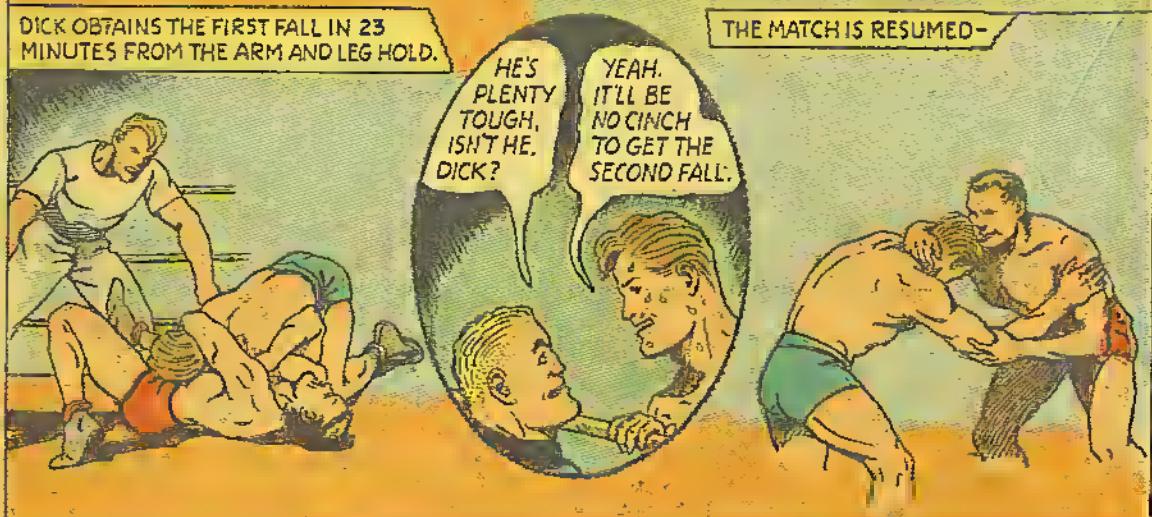


QUESTION N. 3. Is the name of a constellation on this page?

THE GONG SOUNDS - THE MATCH IS ON -



DICK OBTAINS THE FIRST FALL IN 23  
MINUTES FROM THE ARM AND LEG HOLD.



THE MATCH IS RESUMED -

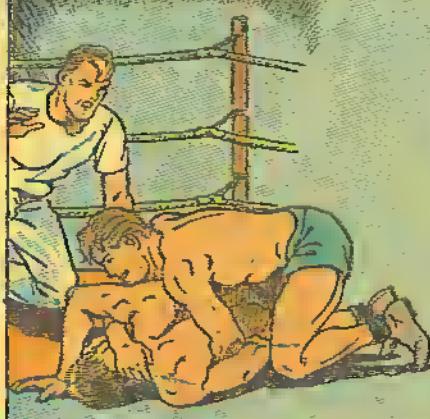
AFTER 30 MINUTES, YOUNG  
TAURUS IS VISIBLY TIRING -

DICK BECOMES A BIT CARELESS, AND YOUNG TAURUS OBTAINS  
THE SECOND FALL WITH THE CHANCERY AND BAR HOLD.



BOTH BOYS ARE TIRED AS THEY GRAPPLE FOR THE 3RD, AND WINNING FALL.

FINALLY, YOUNG TAURUS CHARGES—MISSES—PLUNGEs THROUGH THE ROPES, AND—THE LIGHTS GO OUT!



HEY! LIGHTS!

WHAT THA'?!

LIGHTS!  
LIGHTS!

HOLD  
EVERYTHING!

GUS! SEE  
WHAT'S  
WRONG!

WHAT'S  
THE  
BIG  
IDEA?

LIGHTS!  
WE WANT  
LIGHTS!

YEE-OW!

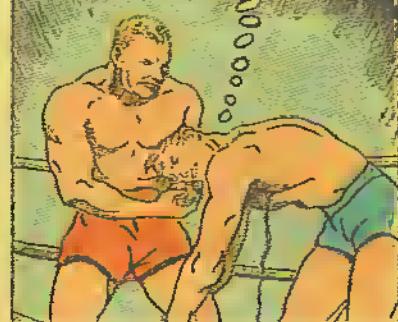
30 SECONDS LATER THE LIGHTS FLASH ON AND YOUNG TAURUS CLIMBS BACK INTO THE RING.

QUIET! QUIET! SOMETHING WENT WRONG WIT' TH' WIRIN', GENTS! WE RESOOM THA' MATCH!

20 MINUTES OF FIERCE GRAPPLING

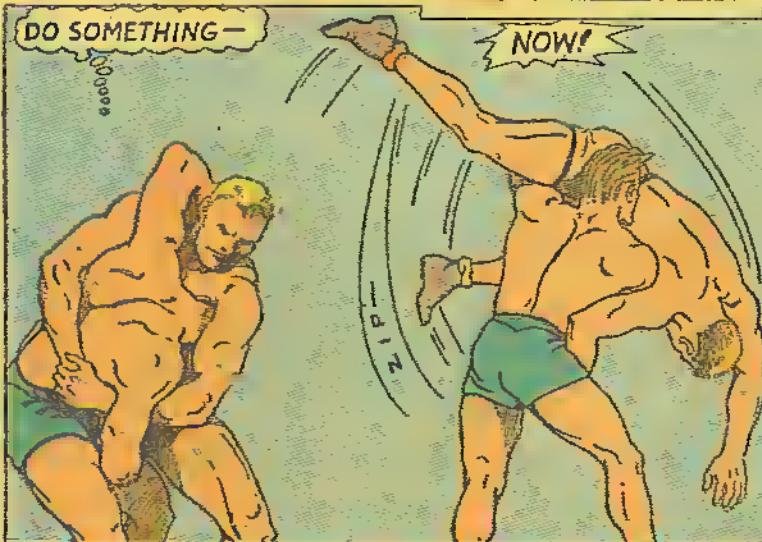
HOLY COW! HE'S GETTING STRONGER, I'M GETTING WEAKER BY THE MINUTE!

I'LL HAVE TO—



DO SOMETHING—

NOW!



HEY! FOUL!  
THAT AINT  
LEGAL! FOUL!

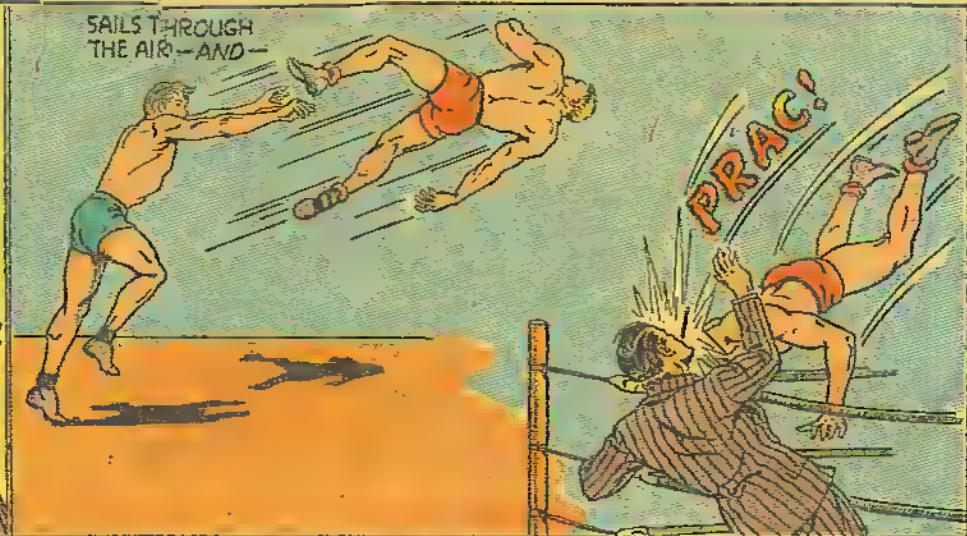


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QUESTION  
No. 4 What constitutes a "fall" in American wrestling?

AS AL EVANS CLAMBERS ON TO THE RING APRON, TO HOWL HIS PROTEST, DICK, WITH A FINAL WHIRL, RELEASES YOUNG TAURUS WHO —

SAILS THROUGH THE AIR — AND —



YOW! BOTH OUT COLD!

COLE WINS!

THAT CADETS GOOD!

CARRY 'EM OUT, BOYS.

THE WINNAH!



LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE CLUB —

HERE'S YOUR DOUGH, AND IT'S ROBBERY TO TAKE IT, YOU PIP-SQUEAKS! WHEN TWO LUGS LIKE YOU CAN'T TAKE ONE FARR CADET, WHY... PAH! GET OUT!



FARR MILITARY ACADEMY, A WEEK LATER.

DICK! I'VE GOT NEWS! I JUST LEARNED THAT YOU WRESTLED TWO GUYS AT THE SPORTS CLUB! TWO GUYS... TWINS!

I-UH-TWO-TWINS!?! WHAT-HOW-GIVE, YOU BUM, GIVE!



LOOK, YOU WERE BEATING YOUR OPPONENT, TWIN ONE, WHEN HE DIVES THROUGH THE ROPES AND POW! OUT GO THE LIGHTS! IN THE DARK, TWIN TWO SUBSTITUTES FOR TWIN ONE! YOU LAY HIM OUT, AND WIN! YOU BEAT TWO GUYS, FELLA!!

NO WONDER IT WAS SUCH A RUGGED GO! GOSH, I WAS AFRAID I WAS GETTIN DECREPIT!

WASTE FATS, PAPER, WAR BONDS AND STAMPS—ALL ARE NECESSARY TO THE WAR EFFORT, GANG! LET'S GO!

ANSWER  
No. 4

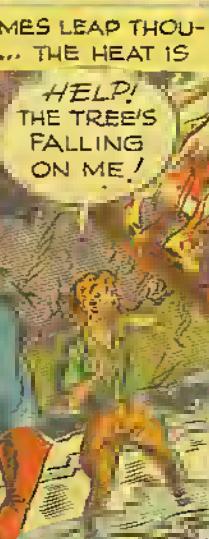
Both shoulders of wrestler must touch the ground at the same time.

# VOLTO FROM MARS

VOLTO'S OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD MAGNETIC POWERS CONQUER A FIRE-BURNING IN THE TIMBERLANDS OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST... SAVE JIMMY AND THE JUNIOR RANGERS FROM A TRAGIC FATE.



BUT TOO LATE! GIANT FLAMES LEAP THOUSANDS OF FEET IN THE AIR... THE HEAT IS UNBEARABLE...



AND THEN, IN THE NICK OF TIME, VOLTO CALLS UPON HIS SUPERHUMAN, MAGNETIC POWERS...



JIMMY IS SAVED, BUT THE FIRE RAGES ON. SO...

AND NOW TO PUT OUT THE FIRE! WATCH! MY RIGHT HAND ATTRACTS!

YOU SAVED US, VOLTO! AND PRICELESS LUMBER, TOO, WHICH OUR COUNTRY NEEDS!

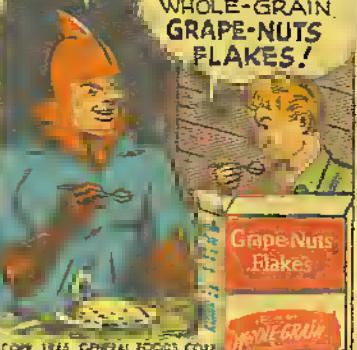


AND LATER—AT THE CAMP...

NOW FOR NEW ENERGY! WE MARS-MEN MUST RECHARGE OUR MAGNETISM WITH WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ONCE A DAY.



SAY! THIS IS GREAT! THINK I'LL TAKE SOME UP TO MARS!



© 1966, GENERAL FOODS CORP.

Heine  
GRAN

# FEARLESS FELLERS

STOP!

By  
JOE DONOHUE



HEY, FELLERS!  
LOOK WHAT MY  
FATHER GAVE ME  
TO KEEP ME OUT  
OF TROUBLE!

A PRINTING  
PRESS! WE  
CAN PRINT A  
NEWSPAPER!

GEE!

SURE, WELL  
CALL IT THE  
FEARLESS NEWS!

I'LL BE  
THE EDITOR!

I'M GONNA  
BE A  
REPORTER!

WITH WAR BONDS WE ARE SURE TO WIN  
HOLD EVERY ONE, DON'T TURN THEM IN

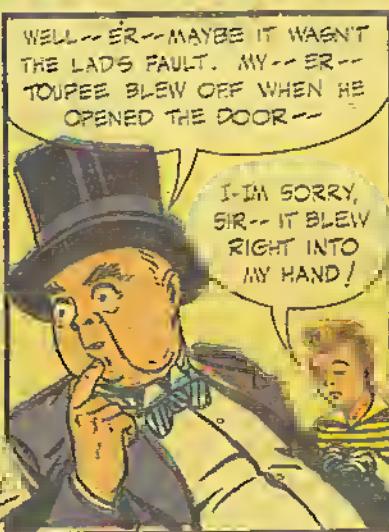
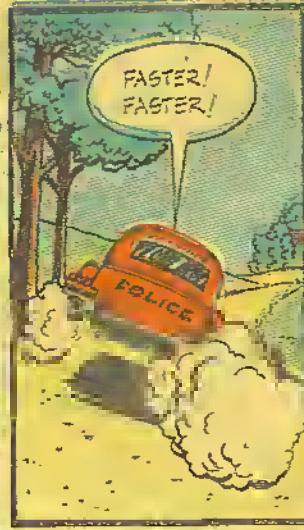
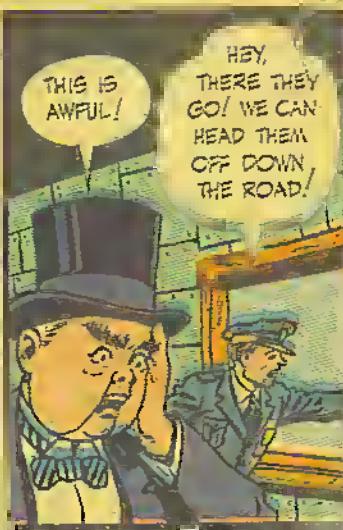


QUESTION NO. 5. Are daily newspapers fairly modern?





QUESTION  
No. 6 Was Jehoshaphat an imaginary person?



## SOME JURY.



HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY IN YOUR DEFENSE?

WELL ----

I KNOW YOU'RE TOO INTELLIGENT TO BE INFLUENCED BY WHAT THOSE DOPES SAY!

STOP

## Why Everybody Goes for FLEERS!

IT'S GUM AND CANDY, TOO!

OOPS!

ICY WHITE, LIKE ME!

WAS THAT TRIP NECESSARY?

GUM IN ITS NICEST FORM

THAT EXTRA PEPPERMINT FLAVOR IS MIGHTY SWELL!

OH BOY- 12 PIECES FOR A NICKEL!

FLEERS

Candy Coated GUM PEPPERMINT

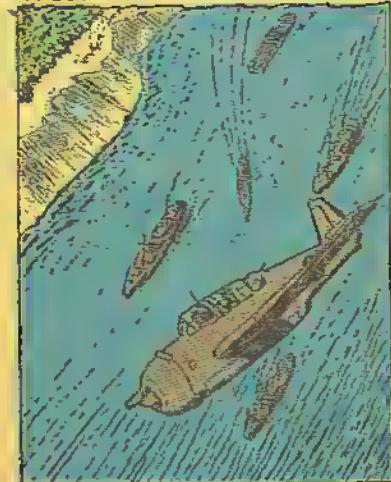
WHOOPS! I'M FALLING FOR FLEERS, TOO!

# BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



BLUE BOLT HELPS PROTECT A CONVOY NEAR THE ALEUTIANS.



WE'RE ALMOST AT OUR BASE, CHARLIE! THERE WON'T BE ANY JAP SUBS AROUND HERE!



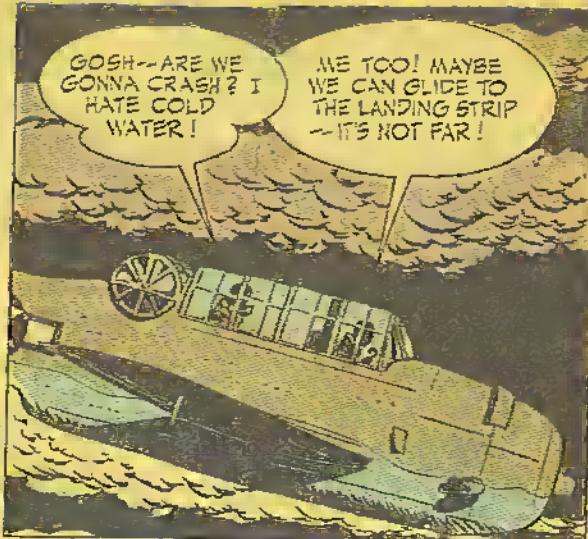
YEAH, LOOKA THE SEALS TAKIN' IT EASY DOWN THERE!



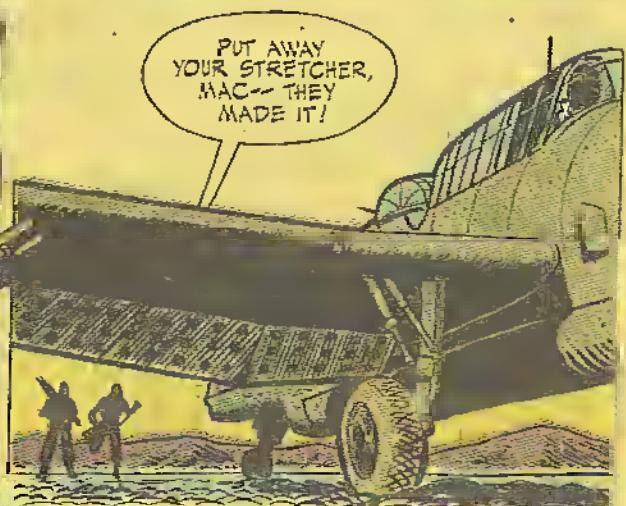
THOUSANDS OF 'EM, LOAFIN' AND SUNNIN' THEMSELVES-- NO WAR TO MESS UP THEIR LIVES!



WAR BONDS BOUGHT AT EVERY CHANCE  
ARE SURE TO HURRY OUR ADVANCE

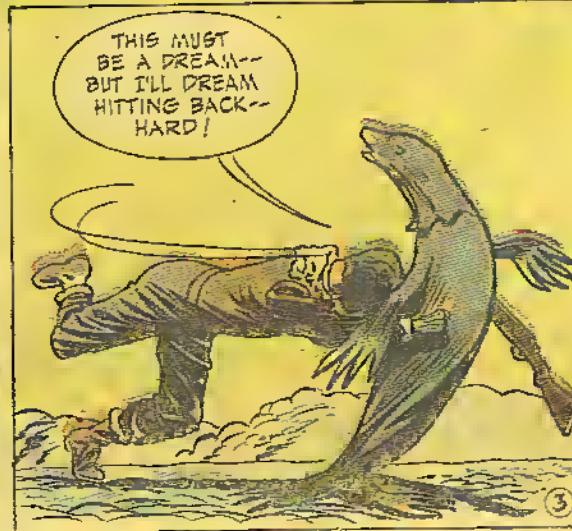


BLUE BOLT GLIDES THE CRIPPLED PLANE TO THE FIELD!



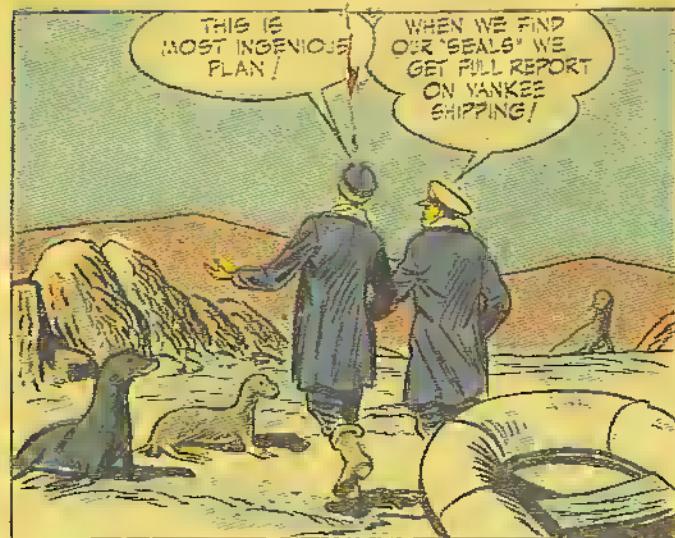
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QUESTION  
No. 7. Do any seals have claws?





QUESTION  
No. 8. Name three words, besides chum, beginning with c-h-u.

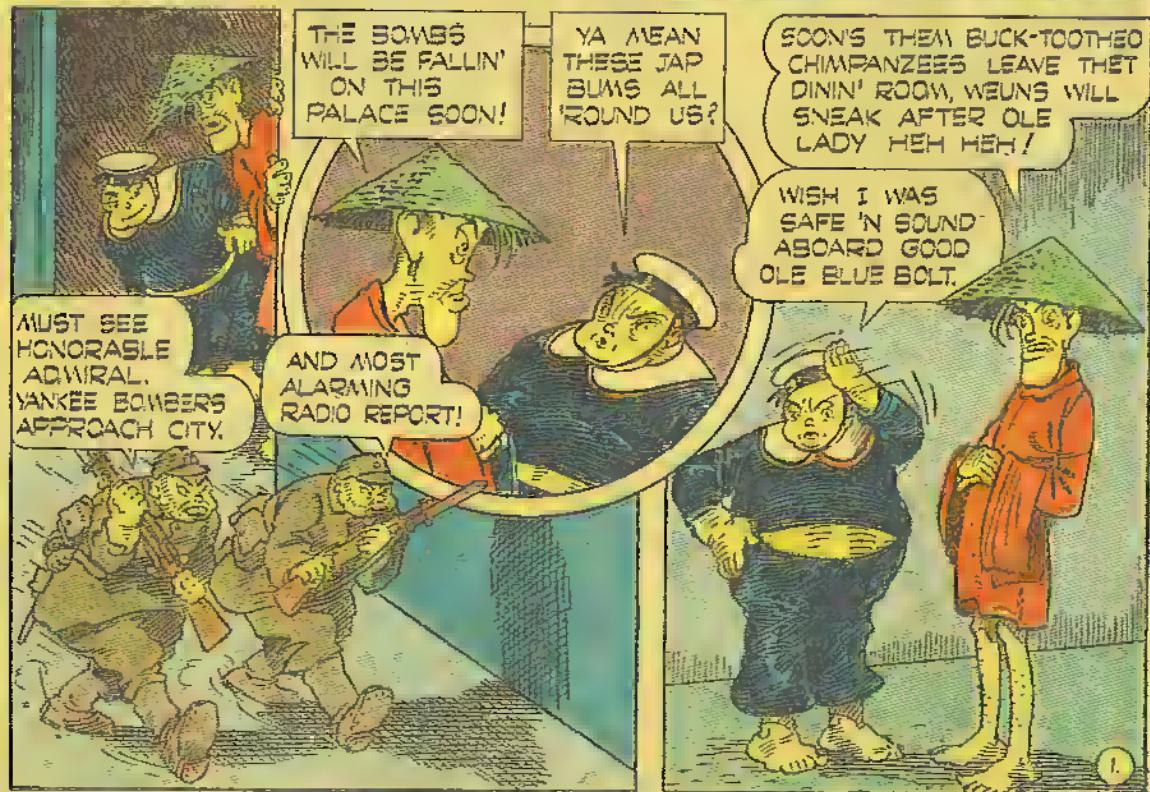




IF YOU WANT A WORLD THAT'S FREE  
BUY WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY

# Krisko AND Jasper

WE LEFT KRISKO AND JASPER JUST AS THEY DISCOVERED THAT THE MYSTERIOUS HEH HEH IS A BEAUTIFUL EURASIAN GIRL. WE FIND THE BOYS STILL OUTSIDE THE DINING HALL IN A JAPANESE PALACE WHERE HEH HEH IS DINING WITH THE JAP ADMIRAL!



OUR EDUCATION WE CAN'T SHIRK  
LET'S ALL PREPARE FOR FUTURE WORK



QUESTION  
No. 9. In what European countries are earthquakes most frequent?

JUST AS THE ADMIRAL LEAVES, THERE'S  
A SLIGHT DISTURBANCE.



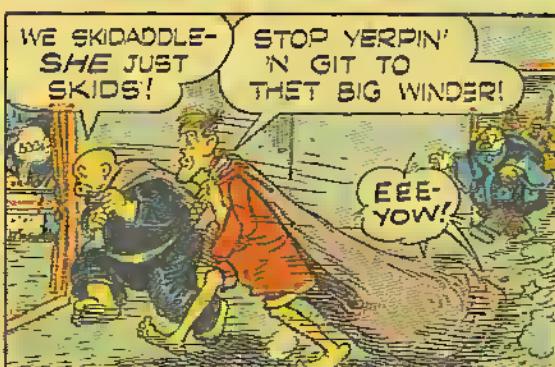
I'M HEADIN'  
FOR OPEN COUNTRY.  
THEM JAPS ARE  
COMIN' BACK!

THIS IS OUR CHANCE.  
WELL GRAB HEH HEH  
IN THIS HYAR  
DRAFFERY, AND  
SKIDADDLE!

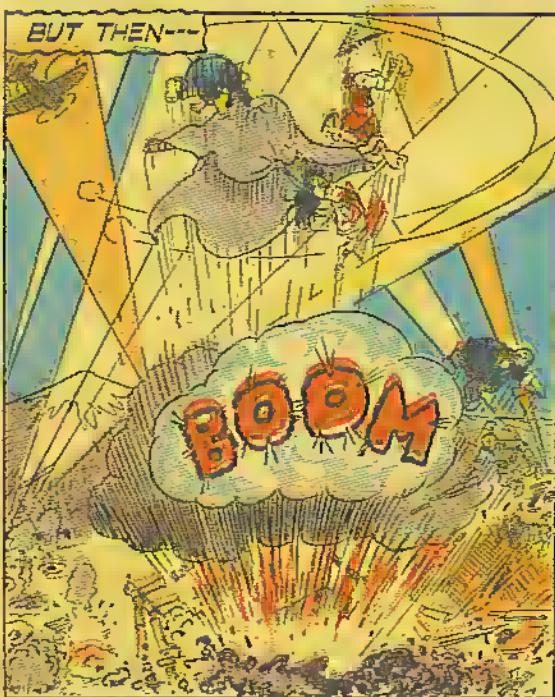


WE SKIDADDLE—  
SHE JUST  
SKIDS!

STOP YERPIN'  
'N GIT TO  
THET BIG WINDER!



BUT THEN---



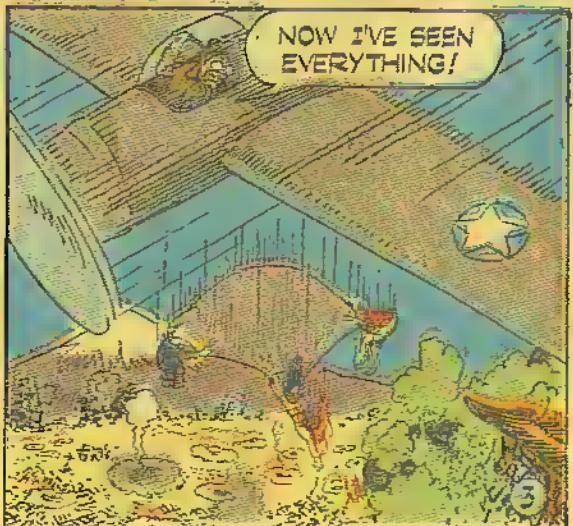
YIPPS! WE'RE  
FIVE STORIES UP!  
CAN'T GIT OUTA  
HYAR LESS WE  
FLY!

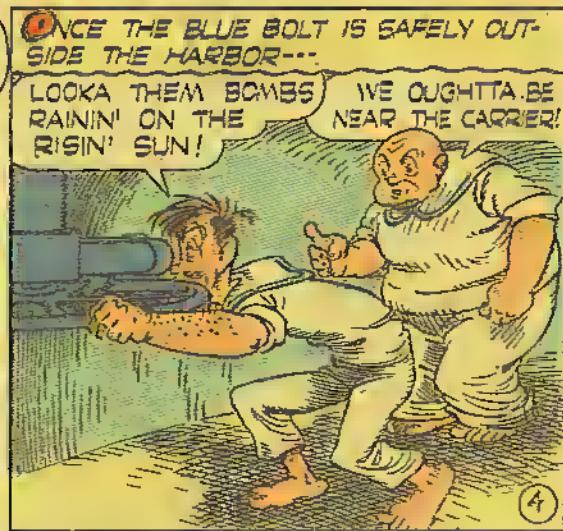
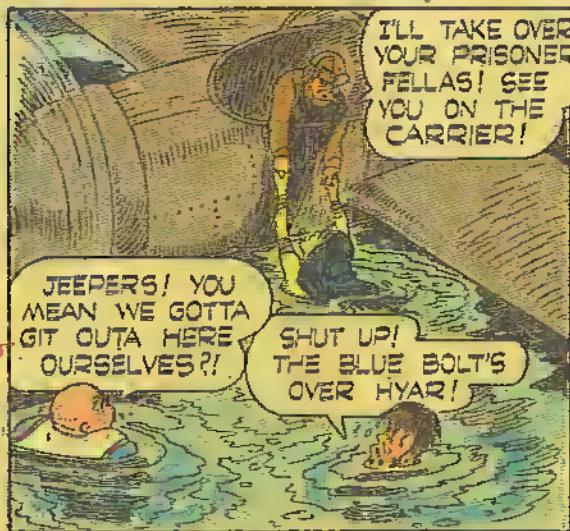
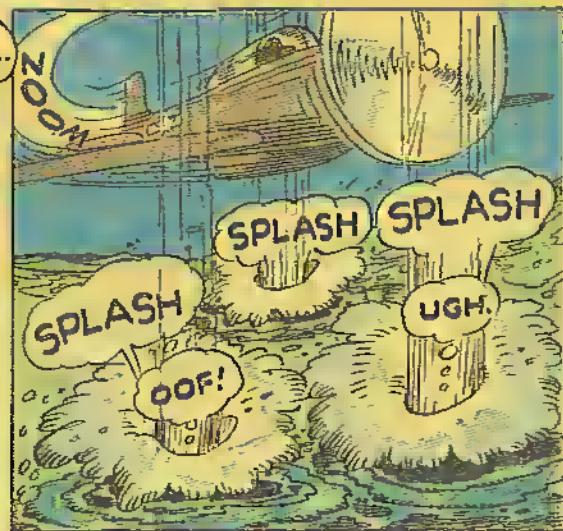
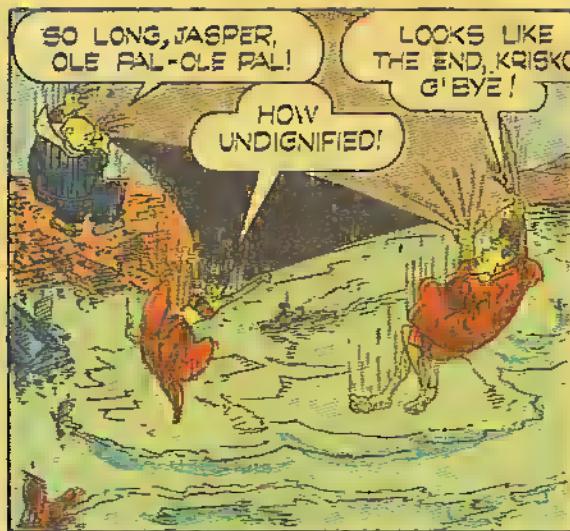
IF'N WE TRY TO  
FLY, IT'LL BE "HALLO  
HALO" FER USNS!

EEEK-  
GLUB  
GUB!

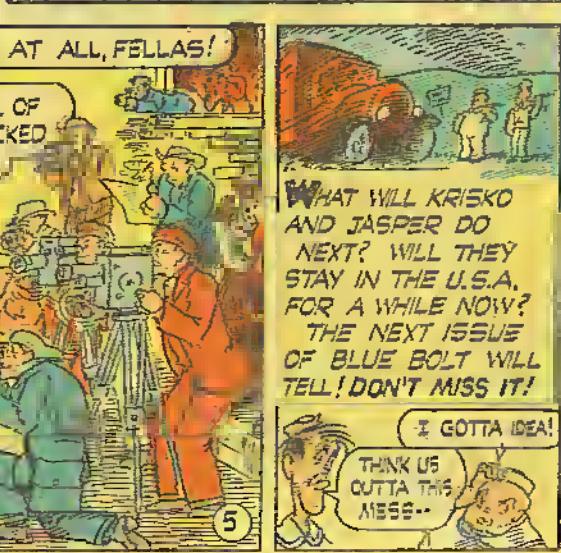
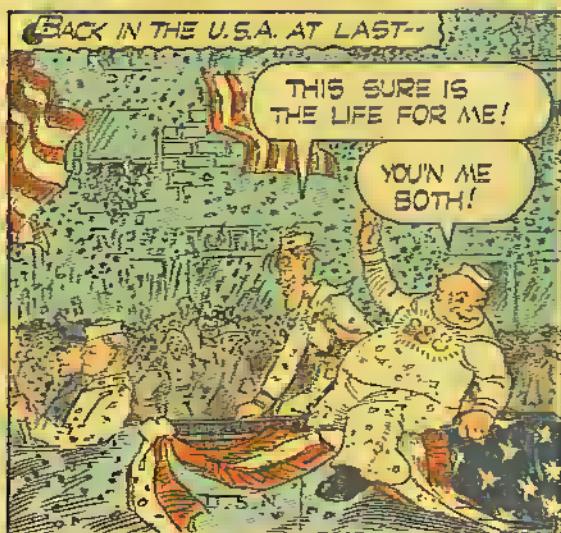
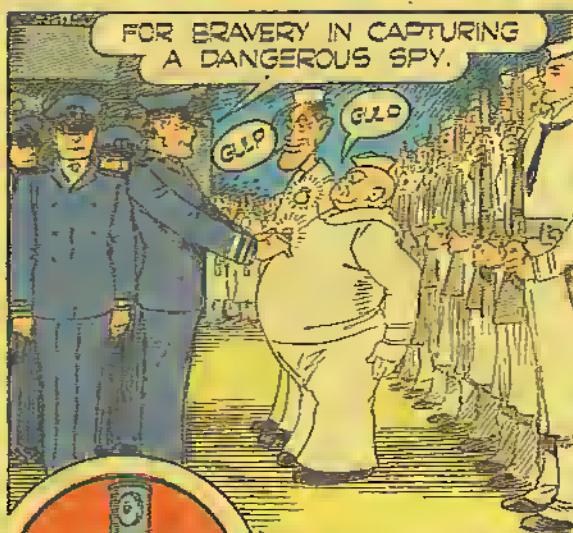
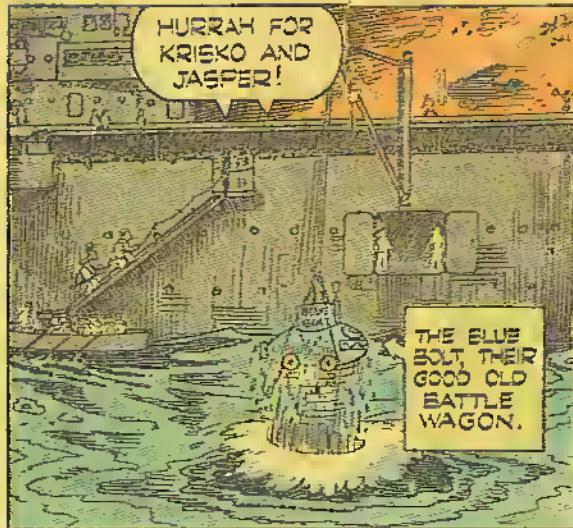


NOW I'VE SEEN  
EVERYTHING!

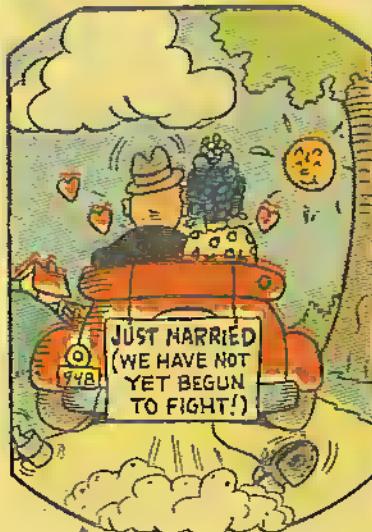
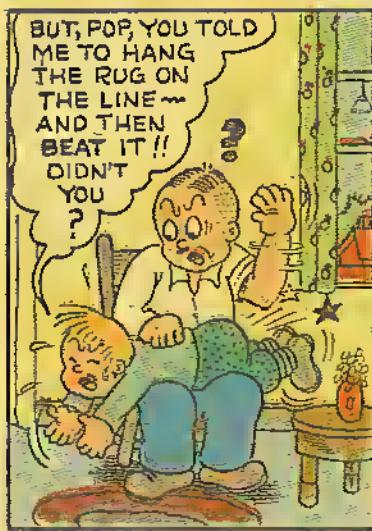
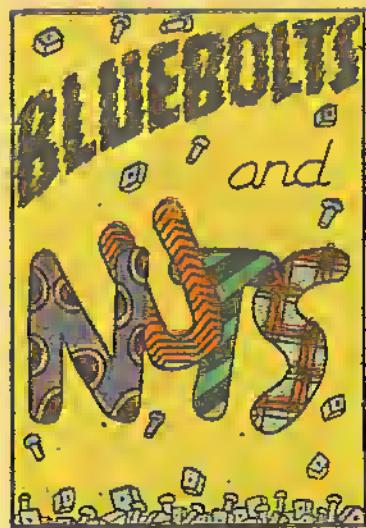




QUESTION No. 10 Is the proper spelling stoopid, stooped, stupid, or stewpid?



**A**NSWER  
No. 10. The word meaning dull or "dumb" is spelled stupid.



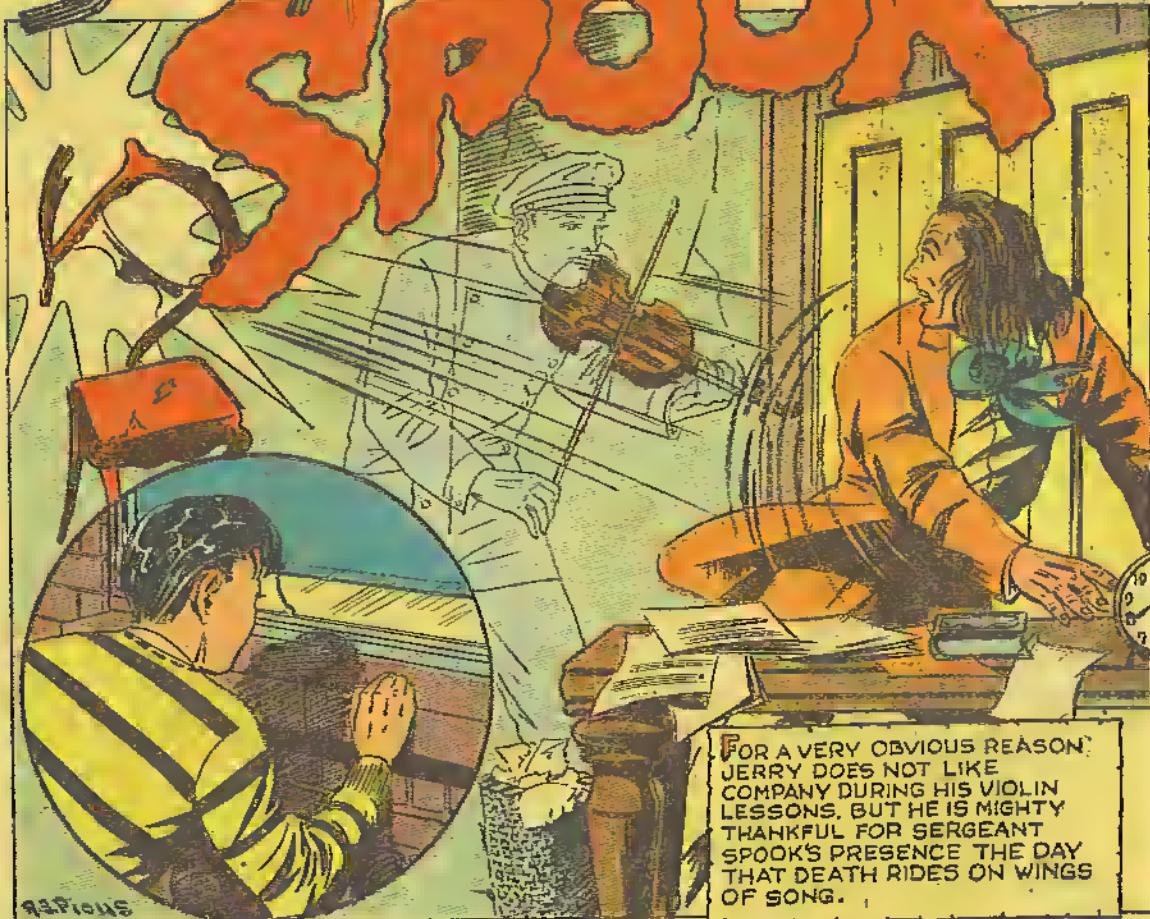
THE MAGICIAN  
MK-141 Kensington Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Have you met Dick Cole's cousin, Kingston Cole, Jr.? If you haven't, try your nearest newsstand on November 14th for a copy of the second issue of the new detective comic, YOUNG KING COLE. They sell fast—so get there early.



THE FIGHT IS ON. THERE'S MUCH TO DO  
WE AT HOME MUST PITCH IN, TOO

# SEASIDE SPOOK



YOUR WAR BONOS GIVE OUR FORCES POWER  
- BRINGING CLOSER VICTORY'S HOUR

MIND IF I COME  
ALONG TO YOUR  
LESSON, JERRY?

AW, SPOOK! THE  
WAY YOU PLAY!--  
WELL, ALL RIGHT!

THIS IS MY LAST  
LESSON, SPOOK.  
MR. TONE IS GOING  
(ON A CONCERT) TOUR.



WE'LL HAVE TO SIT  
HERE IN THE WAITING  
ROOM, SPOOK. MR.  
TONE'S REHEARSING.

SWELL  
MUSICIAN,  
JERRY,



TIME PASSES--

MR. TONE WON SECOND  
PLACE IN THE GREAT  
NATIONAL SYMPHONY  
ORCHESTRA CONTEST.

WRONG? WHAT,  
SPOOK? PLAYING THE  
SAME THING  
OVER AND OVER  
WITHOUT VARIATION--  
FOR A HALF  
HOUR NOW--



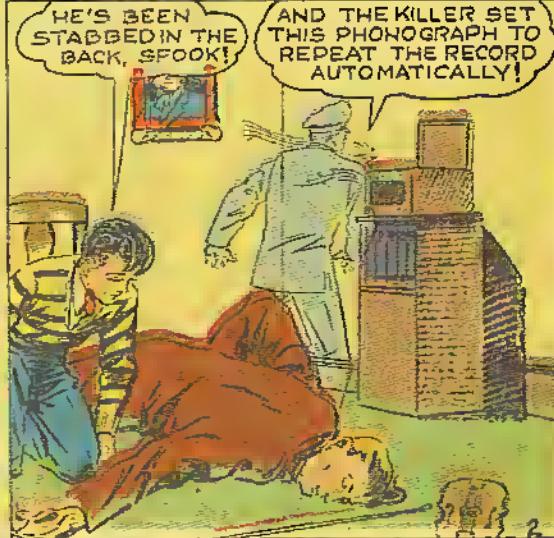
GOOD NIGHT! LOOK,  
JERRY! QUICK!

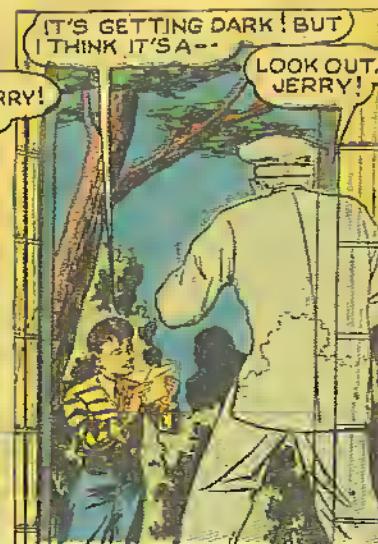
WHAT IS IT,  
SPOOK?



HE'S BEEN  
STABBED IN THE  
BACK, SPOOK!

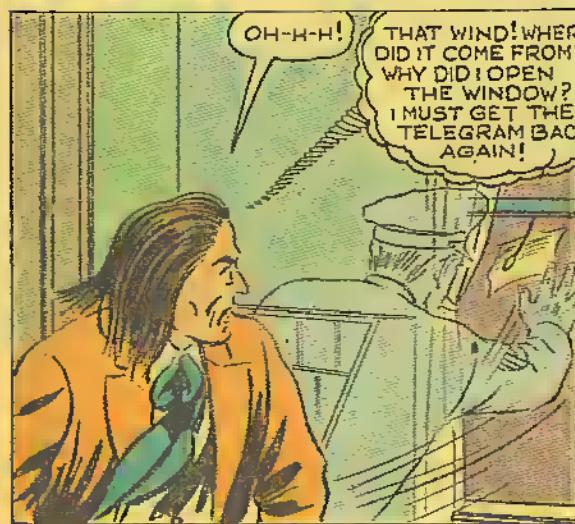
AND THE KILLER SET  
THIS PHONOGRAPH TO  
REPEAT THE RECORD  
AUTOMATICALLY!







QUESTION No. 12. Was Johann Strauss an orchestra conductor or a composer?



ANSWER. No. 12. **He was both a composer and a conductor.** Stravinsky had his own orchestra.



QUESTION No. 13. Does the Danube river flow into the Black Sea?

JERRY RETURNS FROM  
PHONING THE POLICE.

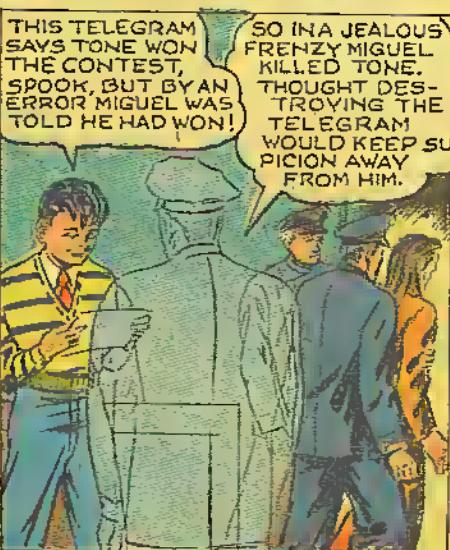
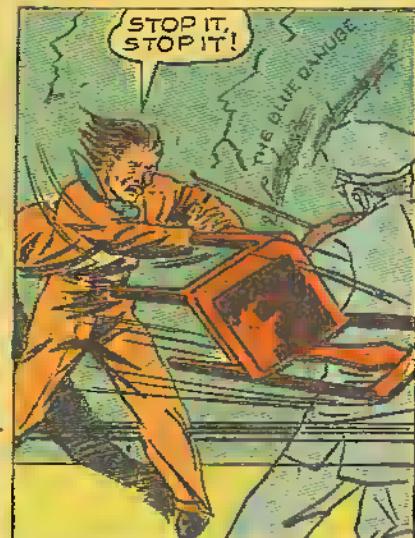
MIGUEL'S DOOR IS LOCKED!  
LUCKY HE DIDN'T DRAW  
THIS SHADE ALL THE WAY!

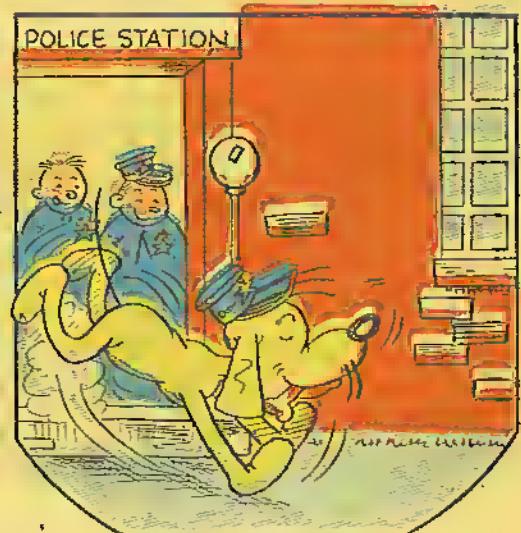
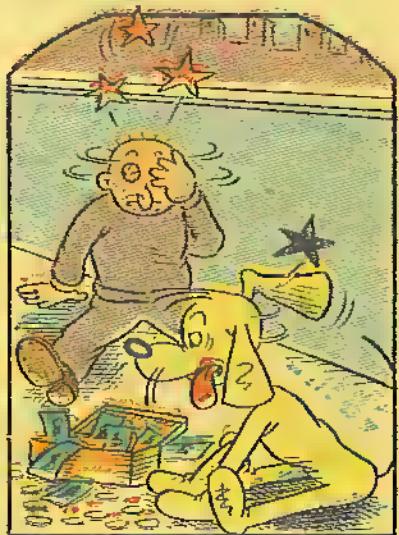
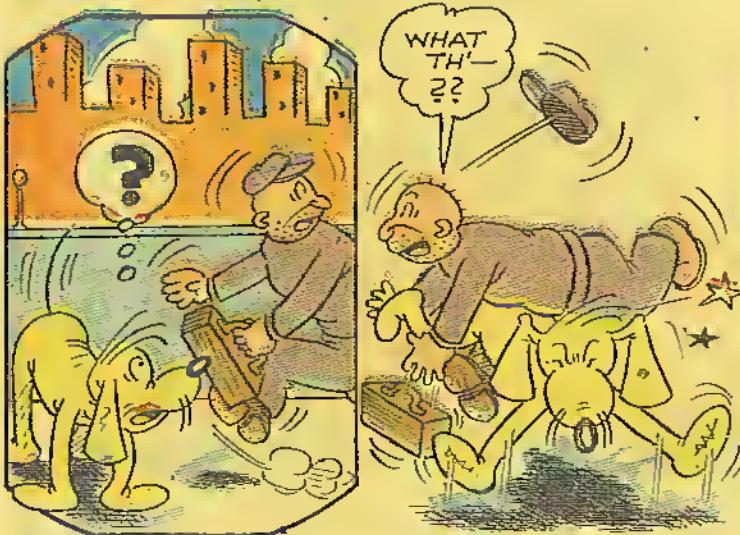
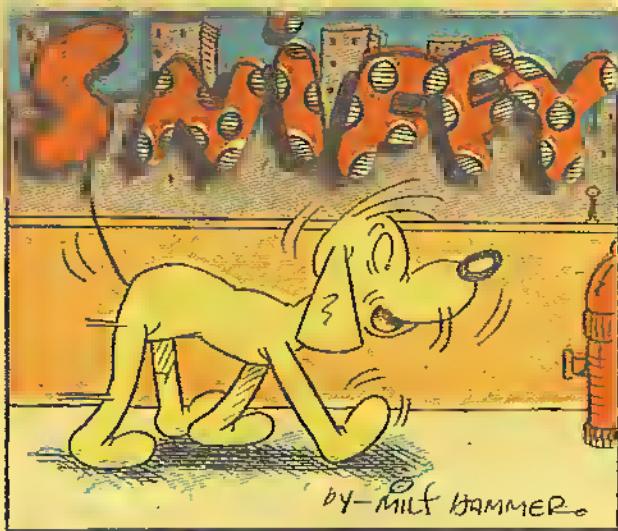
WHAT JERRY SEES--

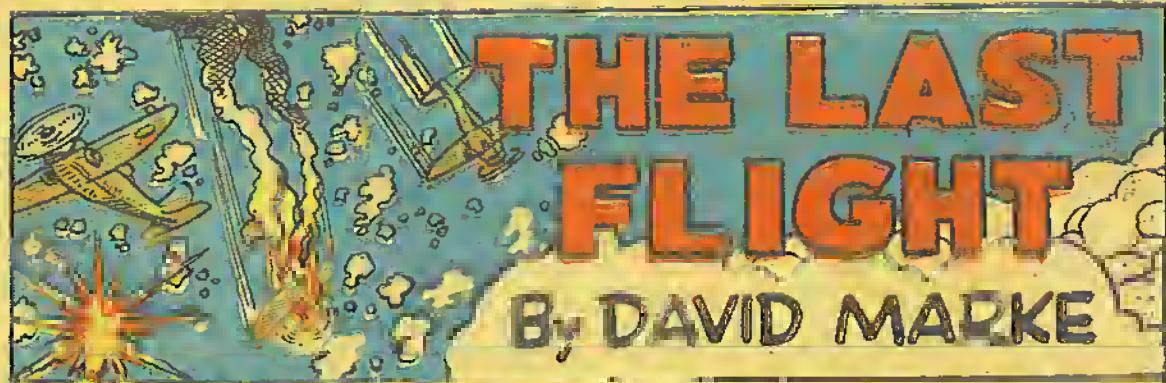
NO, NO! I AM MAD,  
IT CANNOT BE!

STOP IT,  
STOP IT!

THE BLUE DANUBE







ALL through the flotilla, dodging and twisting somewhere in the darkness off Tarawa, men could still find time to hover tensely over loudspeakers, to hear a brave man die.

On the bridge, above and below decks, in the "ready" room, their hearts pounding to the rhythmic tom-tom of the beating engines, his buddies sat huddled in terrible silence, listening, visualizing the scene in the sky—and praying.

Forty Jap torpedo planes were up there, hovering over the flotilla like giant birds of prey, ready to dive in for the kill. And sitting upstairs, Butch was waiting to pounce upon them before they could unleash their deadly fish.

This was what he had been waiting for. Night after night the big Mitsubishi's had come hurtling down upon them, with only the AA guns and good old fashioned luck between the fleet and Davy Jones' locker. The solution, thought Butch, lay in squadrons of night fighters to throw up an umbrella of planes under which the fleet could operate in safety. And Butch had convinced the Admiral that he was right.

But this was not as easy as it sounded. There was always the danger of planes colliding in the dark during the take-off from the limited deck of a carrier; the danger of your own pilots mistaking you for a Jap; the danger of zooming through space and close to the water at better than 300 miles an hour; the danger of a night landing on the carrier, if your gas held out and if the carrier could risk the chance of running on a straight course into the wind so that you could land, while Jap subs were gallivanting around. But Butch was willing to risk it. He was that kind of a flyer.

This was the same Butch who away back in February of last year had taken off single-handed from the Lexington to tackle nine of Japan's bombers about to close in on the old carrier. And within minutes, the men on the Lexington had been shouting their heads off as they witnessed a feat never before and never since equalled in this war. Butch had slammed into those Japs and in four minutes of close-in fighting had knocked five planes into the laps of their flaming gods. Before he ran out of ammunition, he had smoked a sixth, all this time utterly disregarding the heavy curtain of ack-ack thrown up by his own ship's pom-pom, which had taken a toll of two Nip bombers.

Yes, a grateful nation had heaped awards and honors and rank upon him, but Butch remained the same guy throughout—a flyer, first, last and always—a Fighting Flyer!

Now, as the sun began to sink below the horizon, the squawk boxes sent up the alarm—"Jap planes approaching!" Almost immediately, "Night Fighters, man your planes!" came over the carrier's loudspeakers, and Butch climbed into his Hellcat. Men called after him, wishing him luck. But cocky as ever, he grinned down at them, "We don't need luck with those cookies."

Every manjack on board knew, as his supercharged whined to a howl, that tonight naval history was being made. For the first time night-fighter planes were to be launched from a carrier. Butch and two companion pilots were to be the guinea pigs. Upon them would depend the further use of a new tactic whose success would mean saving lives and ships. They watched him warm up his engine, take off, bank and climb—watched him streak toward the oncoming Jap bombers. Then they turned back to the deadlier task at hand, the dodging of the torpedoes they expected to fall among them at any moment.

Again the loudspeakers blared out a warning. "A formation of Jap planes closing off our starboard beam." In self-defense first one destroyer, then another and another threw up a screen of flak. Soon the whole task force

was hurling its might at them, making a series of dots and dashes out of the night.

But even during the heat of battle, the sweat-soaked, straining men found time to think of Butch. "Where is he?" they murmured, anxiously scanning the skies. "He left twenty minutes ago."

Butch was around. He was upstairs, way up high, biding his time, waiting for the moment when those vultures so confidently circling above the fleet would straighten out for their runs over the target. Yes, he was waiting to make it as hot as his hate for them.

And Butch hated the Japs all right. He had been the first man to land his plane on the airstrip on Tarawa the day before, and he had seen the field soaked with the blood of his buddies, their broken and torn bodies lying about, and he hated, hated to the very fibre of his soul. And that's why he now waited—waited to make sure that every shot would count — that every shot would wipe out a hated Jap.

Now the Nips got down to business. Swooping and turning they loosed float lights. Millions of candlepower strong they bathed the task force. The dreaded moment had come! Remembering that to stand flat-footed might mean a broken ankle, the men on deck strained upward on their toes to take the shock of the torpedoes.

"Where's Butch?" cried one of the men in a hoarse, strained voice. "What good is he doing?"

As if to answer this lack of faith, the startled men heard his voice coming in over the loudspeakers as radiomen picked up his interplane conversation. It was a cool, crisp voice, and the men listened intently.

"Andy, we're in them. You take what side you want."

"I'll take port, sir."

Phillips, flying the other wing, was heard. "Butch, do you see those flares over there?"

"Never mind, Phil. Turn on your cockpit light. Looks like we're in millions of Japs. I want to be sure that I'm drilling the right guy."

Straining ears could hear the whine of Hellcats above the scream of steel. Outnumbered more than thirteen to one, Butch and the boys were teaching those henchmen something about flying and fighting. Disorganized, fearful of the death that rode among them, the Nips began shooting one another. In vain they tried to keep formation, to get on their runs, to loose their torpedoes. It was not to be. The Hellcats were too much for them.

Tensed in body yet relaxed in mind now, the fleet listened to the three heroes up there in the sky.

"Phil, this is Butch. I think I got me a Jap."

And a triumphant cheer went up as the loudspeakers announced, "Butch shot down a Jap plane. It is believed that he has broken up the Jap's main torpedo-plane attack."

With the announcement and cheers still ringing in their ears, the excited voice of Phil suddenly burst in upon them.

"Butch, watch out! There's a Jap joining up on you, coming in high!"

The whining motors merged into an hysterical, screaming crescendo as the planes bobbed and weaved in the sky.

Then men on deck were worried. "If Butch told Phil to put on his cockpit light for recognition, he must have kept his own on. That'll give the Jap a perfect target. O God!" cried one of them.

A lookout reported a plane exploded over the horizon, just as Phil's voice came in once again. "Butch, this is duck soup if you ride in on their slipstream and then just pick them off one at a time."

But there was no answer.

Again, Phil's voice came in. "Butch, this is Phil. Over!"

Still no answer.

Again, voice bordering on the hysterical, Phil cut in.

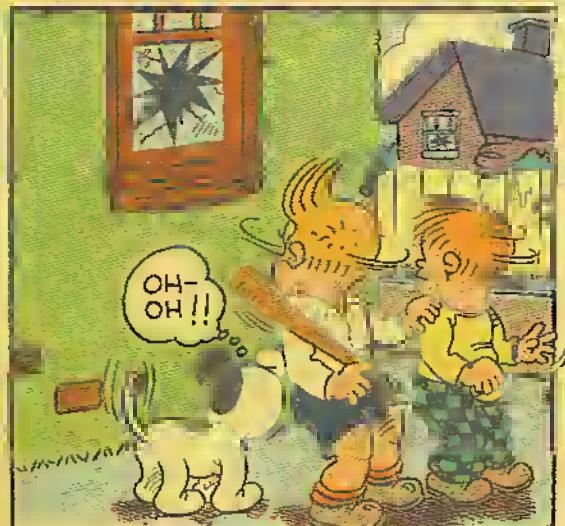
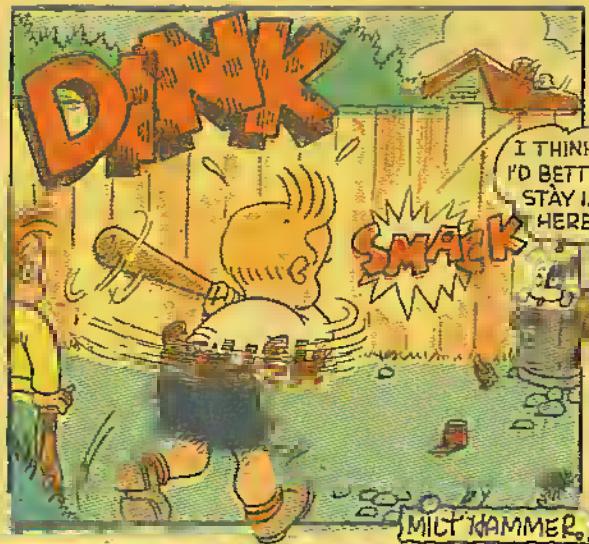
"Butch, this is Phil. Over! . . . BUTCH, this is Phil. OVER! . . . BUTCH, THIS IS PHIL. OVER! . . . BUTCH . . . !"

Andy now cut in, "I saw Butch's light go out a little while back and he dropped down into the darkness."

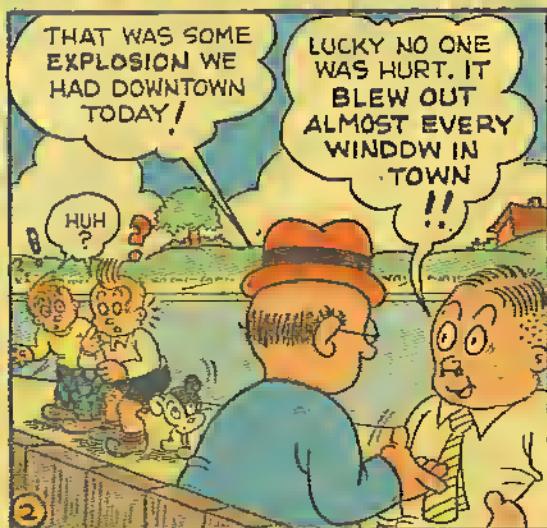
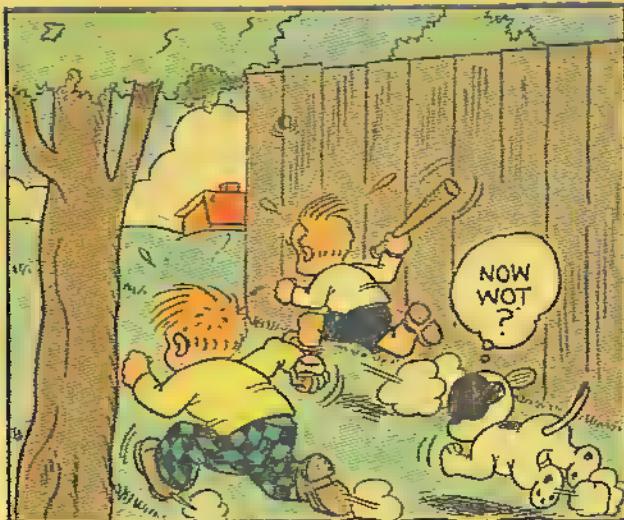
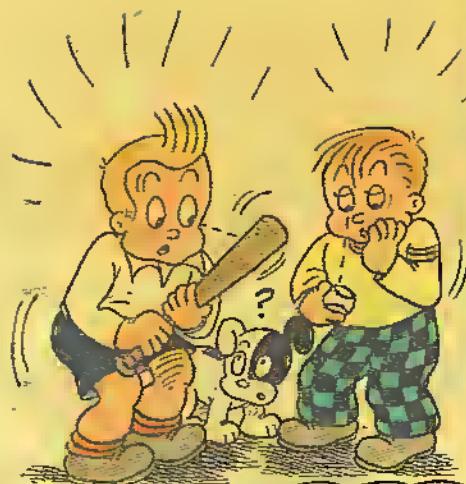
While this throat-gripping conversation carried on, the Japs dropped their fish haphazardly and fled in confusion, still shooting at each other. And what had seemed to be certain, inevitable destruction of the ships turned into a complete rout for the Nips.

And the men in the fleet knew that although Butch might be down, the plan he formed had been a success, and so long as ships remained afloat and in the air, so long would Lieutenant Commander Butch O'Hare remain in the hearts and in the minds of fellow countrymen everywhere.

THE END



BUY EVERY BOND YOU CAN AFFORD  
EACH ONE IS LIKE A MIGHTY SWORD



BUY THOSE BONDS! IT'S ONLY FAIR!  
TO HELP OUR BOYS OVER THERE

# Edison BELL

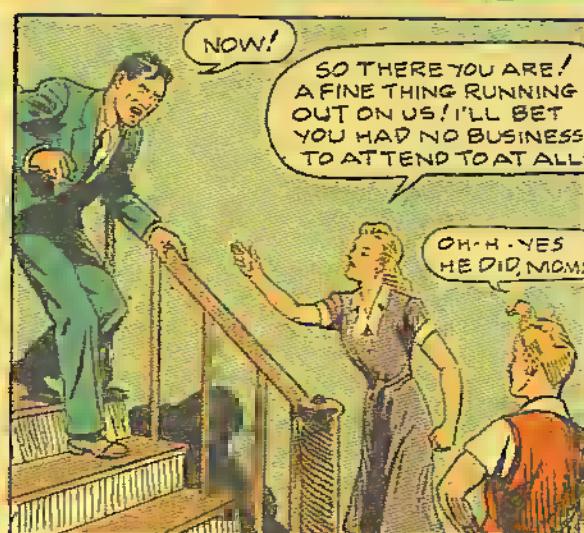
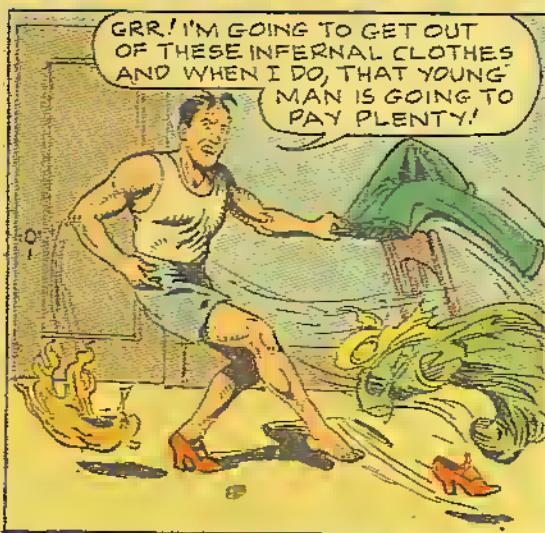


SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.









Edison  
Bell  
SHOWS US HOW  
TO MODEL  
**MASKS**

By 

**PAPIER-MÂCHÉ IS EASY  
TO MAKE --**

- TEAR A BUNCH OF NEWSPAPERS INTO THIN STRIPS. TEAR THE STRIPS INTO SQUARES.
- PUT SHREDDED PAPER INTO A LARGE POT AND COVER WITH WATER. LET STAND OVERNIGHT.
- IN THE MORNING MIX IN ENOUGH FLOUR TO GIVE ENTIRE MASS THE CONSISTANCY OF PUTTY.
- USE IT AS YOU WOULD MODELING CLAY. WHEN YOUR DESIGN IS SET, LET IT STAND UNTIL IT IS THOROUGHLY DRY.

**NOW TO MAKE A MASK --**

GREASE THE SURFACE OF THE FACE BLOCK AND BOARD WELL--THEN, PLOP ON LOTS OF PAPIER MÂCHÉ.



MODEL THE FEATURES WITH YOUR FINGERS--WIERD EFFECTS WILL COME AS IF BY MAGIC--UNTIL YOU'RE SATISFIED WITH THE RESULT. THEN LET DRY.



WHEN DRY, REMOVE FROM THE BOARD. IT MAY BE CARVED WITH A KNIFE OR SANDPAPERED. NOW YOU MAY PAINT IT, ADD BITS OF HAIR, ETC..



**SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.**

# HAVE YOU HEARD

THESE YOUNG RADIO STARS?

BY  
MILT HAMMER

**BOBBY HOOKEY**, "THE ROCKING HORSE KID", IS ONLY 7, BUT HE IS THE YOUNGEST EMCEE IN RADIO...BOBBY'S BEEN HEARD ON RADIO SINCE HE WAS 2...HE WAS RECENTLY MADE A MASCOT OF THE BROOKLYN DODGERS BASEBALL TEAM...YOUNGEST WAR BOND SALESMAN IN THE COUNTRY...HOOKEY HALL IS HEARD EVERY SATURDAY MORNING OVER THE MUTUAL NETWORK...



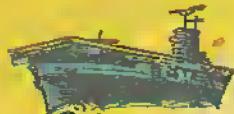
**DICKIE VAN PATTEN**  
PLAYS MARK BROWN IN  
THE NBC SERIAL  
YOUNG WIDDER BROWN.  
DICKIE WHO IS NOW 15  
BEGAN HIS ACTING AT  
THE AGE OF 5...LIKES  
HANDBALL AND  
RIDING HORSES...



11 YEAR OLD **LORNA WYNN** IS THE KATHLEEN THAT YOU HEAR DANNY O'NEILL SINGING TO 5 DAYS A WEEK OVER CBS...YOU MIGHT REMEMBER HER AS BEULAH, THE CALF ON THE ED WYNN SHOW... WHEN NOT ACTING ON THE RADIO, LORNA LIKES TO READ MYSTERY STORIES... LORNA HAS HAD MANY MOVIE OFFERS, BUT SHE PREFERENCES RADIO ACTING....

MORE YOUNG  
RADIO STARS  
NEXT MONTH...

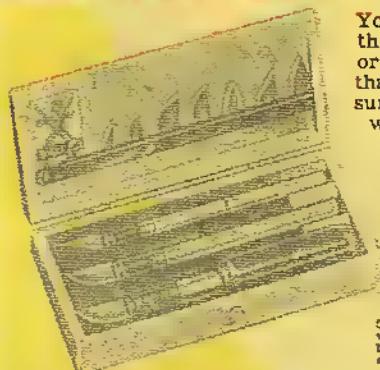
BUY EVERY BOND YOU CAN AFFORD  
EACH ONE IS LIKE A MIGHTY SWORD



CHOICE OF THE EXPERTS

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Extra Blades  
Packets of 5  
\$1.00



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handles and 12 as-  
sorted blades.  
Complete \$2.00.

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Nature Scissors Set  
With a Rosewood. All sur-  
nished aluminum handles  
and 20 assorted blades.  
\$5.00. (See above)

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Or send coupon direct to  
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dealer cannot supply you.

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"Whittlers" and Woodcarvers'  
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 I will pay postman \$ . . . . . plus postage and C.O.D.  
charges on arrival.  
 Enclosed find \$ . . . . . in full payment. (No postage charge.)  
X-ACTO regular . . .  Kit No. 82, \$3.50.  Kit No. 83, \$5.00.  
 Kit No. 44, \$2.00.  No. 1 (light) with one blade 50c  
 No. 51 with 5 extra assorted blades, \$1.00  No. 2 (heavy) with one blade 50c  No. 52—with 5 extra assorted blades \$1.00.  
(No C.O.D.'s on orders under \$2.00.)

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CITY & ZONE . . . . . STATE . . . . .  
NOTE: If you live outside of U. S. A., send money order in  
U. S. funds.

NEVER A DULL MOMENT  
RE-BLADE TO RE-SHARPEN

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ACTUAL  
SIZE



## Dainty TEA ROSE CLUSTER GLOWS IN THE DARK

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Now!**

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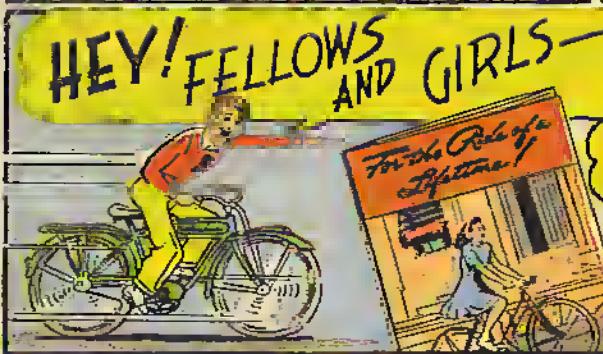
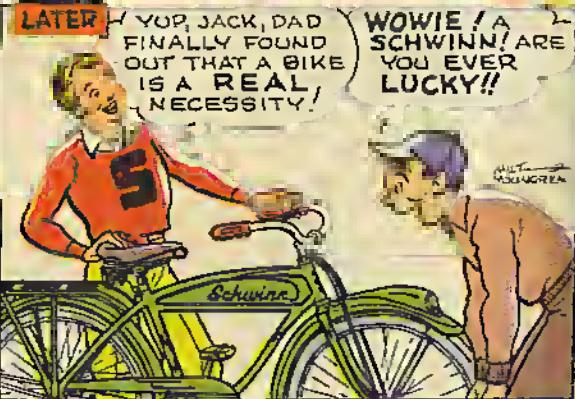
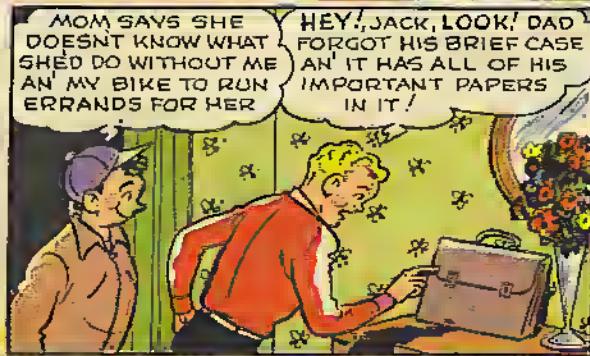
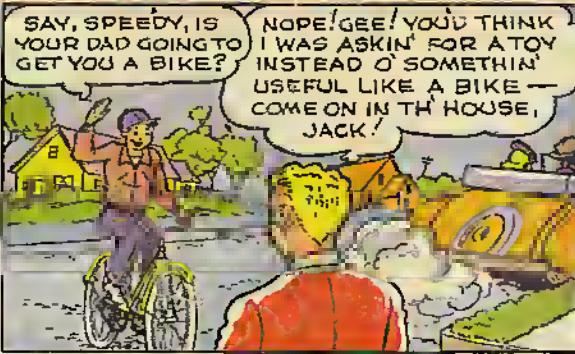
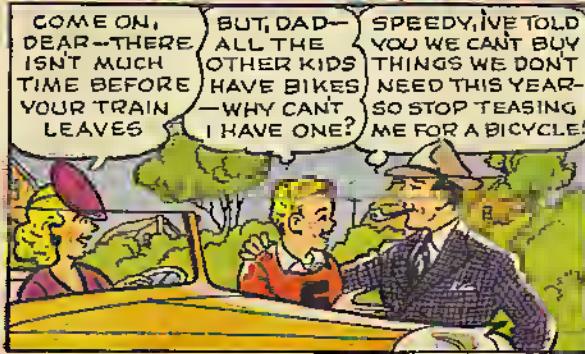
## Glamorous GARDENIA GLOWS IN THE DARK

APPROX.  
1/2 ACTUAL  
SIZE

## Lifelike ORCHID GLOWS IN THE DARK

APPROX.  
1/2 ACTUAL  
SIZE

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